



DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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### Principles of Nature.

#### LETTERS TO A FRIEND, On Mesmeric Phenomena.

BY A LADY.

NUMBER THREE.

My Dear Friend:

You ask if I have already ceased farther inquiry into a subject which appears so replete with interest. Indeed I have not. I am now even more convinced, than when I wrote you some time ago, that Mesmerism will ultimately be a science, which will unfold deeper revelations of man's nature, both physical and mental, than any other.

L— is now at the South. While in this city, previous to her departure, I mesmerized her with the same success. But when told what she had said at the time Ideality was mesmerized, she was much shocked, and felt it a sort of profanation of sacred subjects which she would never consent to again; and firmly declared she would never be mesmerized unless I would promise not to affect that organ. Therefore, thus much was prohibited. But the other organs exhibited substantially the same manifestations as before. Self-esteem was several times so highly increased as to be irresistibly ludicrous. The ineffable appreciation and admiration of self, speaking in every feature and word, the ingenuity with which she would turn each thought and every word addressed to her, however foreign and remote, so that it should bear some self-reference; and when she laughed, the careless, fearless, confidence of that laugh, would provoke a smile in the most grave.

I paid her a visit one morning, accompanied with Prof. B—; and though extremely averse to being mesmerized before strangers, in consideration of his acquaintance with the family, she consented. She did many things which surprised and interested him much, but which would be a repetition, should I go over them here. Before waking her, I magnetized a twenty-five-cent piece, to leave with her until I should see her again; and thinking she might tell me if it was sufficiently so, I said, hold out your hand, L—, and tell me if there is sufficient virtue in this. Just as I extended my hand to drop the piece in hers, the Professor, unexpectedly, and without uttering a word, intercepted my hand, and dropped another twenty-five-cent piece into hers. She immediately shrunk as if she had been struck, and dashed the piece to the ground.

He had already seen her select the tumbler of magnetized water from a number of others; but wishing to ascertain if this power of discrimination would be the same in regard to metals, he selected four twenty-five-cent pieces, and gave me one to magnetize. They were then placed on the cover of a book and presented to L—. She took each one up separately, the one I had magnetized being the last, but as soon as she touched, she eagerly seized that, tightly clasping it in her hand, while a smile of satisfaction lighted up her face.

Before leaving, Prof. B— begged me to request her to write something. L—, said I, I am going for a pen, for I wish you to write something for me. She replied, in rather a tone of rebuke, "It is not for you that I am to write; it is for Prof. B—." I was not attempting to deceive you, I said, but only to ask if you would do it for my sake. "I knew you were not," she replied, "but it is not right to speak in a way which might mislead."\*

\* While in the mesmeric state, all mere etiquette, all that is merely conventional, seems necessarily to

be laid aside as something supererogatory and useless, and each expression becomes simple and natural. Thus L—, when excited to tears, whether through emotion or pain, wept with the unrestrained feeling of childhood; and when she ate, it was done with the free, simple, heartiness of a child. When her opinion was asked concerning persons or things, she told her own thought with the ingenuous truthfulness that admits of no disguise; and, sometimes, her direct and simple replies, when courtesy would usually veil the truth, would be rather unexpected; for the soul seemed to rise superior to all considerations of time or circumstance, and to view the nature of things in their essence and absoluteness.

On leaving, the Professor declared himself convinced beyond the possibility of a doubt, and to be impressed with the belief, that this mysterious power would yet prove the key by which we should unlock many mysteries.

But I must now tell you of another interesting young friend, whom I have been mesmerizing. When L— came to this city, preparatory to her departure for the South, she stayed at the house of some friends who were utterly skeptical in regard to Mesmerism. Never having heard any convincing proof of its truth, or witnessed any of the surprising phenomena it exhibits, they had not turned their attention to it; but without examination, had concluded it to be one of the humbugs and passing wonders of the day.

On my first visit there, to L—, she said to me, "My friends, here, laugh at all I tell them about Mesmerism. And though they, of course, do not doubt my veracity, they certainly think me very credulous; and think the effects produced upon me, were only because I was not in very good health, and therefore perhaps nervous and fanciful." To no purpose was it stated that some of the most wonderful results had been produced in the cases of the robust and healthy; that Townshend's two most clairvoyant patients were in good health. We were talking of a power, the very existence of which they denied.

In the course of the discussion, a remark was made by a young lady present, their daughter J—, which showed such total disbelief in the whole subject, that I said, I have a great mind to mesmerize you, J—, to convince you. "Oh," she answered, "you can not mesmerize me, for in the first place I have no faith in the power, and in the next, if there be such, I am no subject for it."

At my request, however, she seated herself. Hardly had her laugh of incredulity and amusement at the oddity of the situation passed by, when I perceived her to be affected, and in less than five minutes she was in the magnetic slumber.

Her mother was inexpressibly astonished. It seemed impossible for her to realize that J— could not answer her—impossible to believe her really in this problematical state.

One peculiarity of this case was, that I could never entirely subdue J—'s hearing, owing I presume, to an unnatural excitement of that sense, in consequence of severe neuralgic pains in the ear, from which she had suffered for several years; yet, in all other respects she was profoundly mesmerized.

On my asking if she slept, she replied in a low, distinct voice, that she did. Her mother now spoke to her. She did not answer, but her face was very much convulsed; and this was the case when any other addressed her except myself.

It was so painful to behold, that I inquired of

be laid aside as something supererogatory and useless, and each expression becomes simple and natural. Thus L—, when excited to tears, whether through emotion or pain, wept with the unrestrained feeling of childhood; and when she ate, it was done with the free, simple, heartiness of a child. When her opinion was asked concerning persons or things, she told her own thought with the ingenuous truthfulness that admits of no disguise; and, sometimes, her direct and simple replies, when courtesy would usually veil the truth, would be rather unexpected; for the soul seemed to rise superior to all considerations of time or circumstance, and to view the nature of things in their essence and absoluteness.

L—, whom I had previously mesmerized, and who was in the next room, why it was, and what should be done? She said, J— hears, but can not answer any one but yourself. It is useless for her to attempt it, for she can not speak. Tell her she must not try, since it only convulses her, and you will find she will no longer be in such agitation. The advice was followed, and had the desired effect; afterward when spoken to, she would remain tranquil, or signify by a movement of her head that she heard. I told her what L— had said, and asked her if it was as she had explained. "Oh yes," said she, "for I hear them all speak, and try so hard to answer, but can not; and yet," she added, smiling, "I can always answer you."

In all instances which I have seen, when the patient is fully mesmerized, mesmerism has imparted a peculiarly beautiful expression to the face. This is not the case when but partially affected; but in a profound mesmeric state the face becomes spiritualized, all traces of thought or anxiety have vanished, and the look is one of more serene repose than sleep. It is more entirely so in the case of J—, than of any one I have seen; her face is instantly transfigured; there is a calm, undisturbed innocence;—but through this deep tranquillity there shines such perfect happiness as we do not often see on earth, and an entire unconsciousness, or impersonality of expression, which we seldom or never observe in the normal state.

When questioned as regards her feelings while mesmerized, J— always expresses that she is perfectly happy, excepting in some instances when I have been unusually depressed myself, then she has sympathized and appeared sad too, though there was no expression of my feelings.

The pain in her ear, which was unremitting in her ordinary state, always ceased as soon as she was mesmerized, and she continued free from it for some moments after she was awakened.

For a short time her parents were extremely averse to her being mesmerized; they could not reconcile themselves to seeing her in this, as they deemed it, unnatural state; but on finding it a relief from suffering, which nothing else could produce, and as her sufferings had been intense for years from this pain, and defied all other means of relief, they consented.

J— has evinced the same sympathy of sensation as L—; although more or less vivid at different times; shrinking and appearing to feel when I am hurt, and always, I believe without exception, telling correctly what I have tasted. This has been frequently tested by handing me lozenges, flavored with different articles, and although I knew not each particular flavor, myself, until I tasted, she always told, immediately, what it was.

The mesmerized water she never failed to select from as many glasses as might be offered. She is also quite as unwilling that I should move from her, as was L—, holding my hand, and uneasy if my attention is long diverted from her, whether by reading, or conversation with another. I think she is, if possible, more susceptible to the disagreeable sensation produced by the touch of another, shrinking and looking in actual pain, if one not in communication with her touches her. And if accidentally breathed upon by another, she seems to be excessively distressed. This close approach appears to be a counteracting influence, which is extremely disagreeable.

Although J— hears when she is particularly addressed, or when I direct her attention to any noise or conversation, by asking if she observes it, yet the loudest conversation going on in the same room, is unheeded by her, unless

her attention is thus called to it, and then she says "it sounds as though it came from afar."

I sometimes request her to open her eyes for a limited time, say from three to five minutes, and they immediately unclosed, though previous to this, it would have been impossible. The appearance of the eye is then entirely changed. It is a fixed, unwinking gaze, totally passionless and inexpressive, which takes no cognizance of the object upon which it is riveted; it looks more like that organ in the brute creation, for there is no speculation in it. On the eyes being thus opened, she sees only the mesmerizer. When I have requested her to look at another, it seems impossible, the eyes opening and shutting rapidly. One of the family once entered the room, while the eyes were thus opened; and without knowing myself, I requested J— to look in that direction and see if she could ascertain who it was; she attempted it, but could only discern a dim form or shadow. The eyes always close when the time has elapsed, without any intimation from me.

As iron is drawn by the loadstone, the hand and arm will be attracted by mine, into any, even the most painful position. The body always inclines toward the mesmerizer. I have known the head turn entirely round, as I walked from before to behind the patient, or from one side of the room to the other.

Yet, although the mesmerizer possesses this power over the physical organization of the patient, I am even more strongly convinced, by the case of J—, that there is an independent action of will in the mesmerized. I have once or twice failed in being able to induce her to comply with my wish. In one instance the request was only to make some slight change in dress, which might be beneficial to her health, as she was suffering from a cold; but she differed from me in thinking it requisite, and no persuasion of mine, though very pertinaciously urged, could effect it.

I will relate one very striking instance of mental communication during mesmeric sleep—waking without the intervention of language. One evening, when J. was in this state, Professor —, in order to test this power, wrote on a piece of paper, "Say to her, mentally, 'J., I must leave you,'" and handed the paper to me without speaking. I then thought those words very decidedly, while at the same time I powerfully willed that she should see them. I was at the time holding one of her hands; she immediately put the other arm around me and drew me towards herself. I said, why do you do so, dear? "Why," she replied, "I thought you were just going to leave me." This seemed conclusive, and was so to my own mind, and yet I thought some might suppose it a mere coincidence and say, this fear happened to arise in her mind just as the thought crossed mine. I therefore said to Professor —, this is not sufficient.

A while after, he wrote, "Ask her if she knows where I board." I knew she could not, as he was on a visit to the city, and she had never seen him but once before, which was in my presence, and surely nothing passed relative to the place of his sojourn. I subsequently ascertained that none of her family were aware where this was. I said, in a careless, incidental manner, J., do you know where Professor — boards? "No," she replied, "I do not, where does he?" I said, J., you can tell, look into my mind, and tell me. I then made a strong mental effort, repeating the words in my own mind, and most determinately resolving she should see them. She hesitated one moment, as if she were perusing something, and then said distinctly, but very slowly, as if she were reading by a dim light, "In Washington street,

at the Marlborough"—precisely the arrangement of words in which the thought was in my own mind.

I have never known any thing which requires so great a mental effort as this sort of communication. I suppose I might have read or written for hours, without so much fatigue as after this. I have sometimes attempted it without success, not being able at the moment to command sufficient power of concentration and will.

The organs mesmerized have offered essentially the same manifestations as those in the case of L—, varying at different times only in proportion to the degree of power applied to them. Self-esteem, when acted upon, produced the same enviable satisfaction with every thing pertaining to self. Probably owing to J's occasionally hearing what was passing around her, and thus there being a link which connected her with her normal state, she would sometimes, when a particular organ was in full action, appear to sink suddenly back into her usual state, and complain that she could no longer see or hear as she had been doing; but, almost instantaneously, she would regain her newly acquired power; the adverse wind which had blown her back would pass over, and she would again mount on freer wing. I should here also mention, that—whether owing to her retaining the sense of hearing, I know not—J. could recollect, when in the normal state, what had passed in her mesmeric sleep—waking—at first confusedly, or as in a dream, as she expressed it, but the following day more distinctly.

Yours, &c.

#### What is Poetry?

BY PRENTICE.

"A smile, a tear, a longing after the things of eternity. It lives in all created existences, in man, and every object that surrounds him. There is poetry in the gentle influences of love and affection, in the quiet broodings of the soul over the memories of early years, and in the thoughts of that glory which chains our spirits to the gates of Paradise. There is poetry, too, in the harmonies of nature. It glitters in the wave, the rainbow, the lightning, and the stars; its cadence is heard in the thunder and the cataraet; its softer tones go sweetly up from the thousand-voiced harps of the wind, and rivulet, and forest; and the cloud and sky go floating over us to the music of its melodies. There is not a moonlight ray that comes down upon the stream or hill, not a breeze, falling from its blue air thrown to the birds of the summer valleys, or sounding through midnight rain its low and mournful dirge over the perished flowers of spring, not a cloud bathing itself like an angel-vision in the very blushes of autumn twilight, or a rock, glowing in the healthy starlight as if dreaming of the Eden-land, but is full of the beautiful radiance of poetry. It is the soul of being. The earth and heaven are quickened by its spirit, and the heavings of the great deep in tempest and calm are but its ascent and mysterious workings."

INACTION.—If we estimate a shilling a day which is lost by inaction, and consumed in the support of each man chained down to involuntary idleness by imprisonment, the public loss will rise in one year to three hundred thousand pounds; in ten years, to more than a sixth part of our circulating coin.—*Johnson.*

THINKERS are scarce as gold; but he whose thoughts embrace his subject, pursues it uninterruptedly and fearlessly of consequences, is a diamond of enormous size.—*Lavater.*



# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 12.

ALL BEING FREE, EACH MUST ANSWER FOR HIMSELF; AND WHERE NO RESTRICTIONS ARE IMPOSED, NO ACCOUNTABILITY WILL BE ACKNOWLEDGED.

S. B. B.

## MEDIUMS AND MORALS.

We have received two letters from "A. W. F.," informing us that he is perplexed to reconcile the known character of some of the media with the intelligence of the spirits who are alleged to communicate through such questionable channels. Proceeding on a great natural principle or law of attraction—now quite generally admitted to exist, and to govern the intercourse of spirits as well as all material affinities—our friend desires to know how those exalted spirits who were distinguished for their superior knowledge and undeviating rectitude while on the earth, can now be presumed to approach the vicious, and to select them as the instruments of their intercourse with mortals. Our correspondent requests us to write on this subject, and as he appears to be a sincere inquirer, we cheerfully comply, though we may fail to afford the light he so much desires.

We may as well remark in this connection that, some persons claim to be mediums whose pretensions find no sanction except in their own vain imaginings, or in some abnormal action of their self-esteem. Such persons usually presume that their messages emanate from the most exalted sources, no matter how much internal evidence to the contrary others may be able to discern. We have several examples of this class before us. We hardly know whether they are cases of honest delusion or of insufferable egotism; nevertheless, of this we are certain, that, whether born of hypocrisy or vanity, the elements necessary to their support do not exist in this quarter. We can not be instrumental in fostering claims which have no foundation in reason. We sincerely advise those who claim to be in rapport with the highest spirits in the universe—while they are accustomed to talk and write the most miserable dilutions of common literature and common sense—to remember that those who *humble themselves* shall be exalted, and henceforth be content to remain among the multitude of ordinary thinkers until the intrinsic character of their thoughts shall prompt others to assign them another place.

It is extremely probable that a number of persons, earnestly desiring to become impressible, have given wide scope to the imagination, and have mistaken the heat of an exuberant fancy for the inspiration of the angels. These may be honestly deceived, but they are deceived nevertheless, and, unless we fearlessly regard the obligations of the hour, they may be instrumental in misleading others. This may serve to diminish the interest among a certain class of inquirers—all who either think superficially, or who may be too stupid or indolent to distinguish between the real and pretended manifestations—but it certainly will not have this effect with those who are actuated by a sincere love of science or a rational devotion. When Jesus foretold that false christs and false prophets would appear in the early church and "deceive many," if possible the very elect, he also predicted that for this reason "the love of many would wax cold." The subsequent history of the church verified the Master's prediction in both these particulars, but no one, on this account, is disposed to deny the existence of the real Christ, or that there have been true prophets in the world. And we are equally sure that no rational mind will undervalue the great realities of our own time, nor, for a moment, lose sight of the numerous facts, which, by many candid observers, are believed to demonstrate the presence and influence of spirits within the sphere of visible existence.

The foregoing considerations will enable our correspondent to dispose of one class of the persons who may contribute to annoy him, and perhaps to embarrass the subject. But there are evidently others, such as "A. W. F.," describes—persons of questionable character—who are wrought upon by foreign agency, and through whom communications are given. Concerning these, we submit the following observations:

First, we may remark that the evidence derived from every possible source tends to establish the fact that men have, here and hereafter, inclinations corresponding to the several planes of thought and action which they successively occupy. The Christian Scriptures, the eternal laws of development to which human beings are preeminently subject, and the utterances of all living seers, infallibly indicate that human conditions are not equalized by any arbitrary transformation, occurring at the dissolution of the body. The inclinations which govern the man, especially the motives which actuate the closing period of his Earth-life, not only determine the outward phases of his being,

but by a kind of retroversion, life in its external aspects is reflected back on the soul. The deeds of men live in their memory, and every action, the base as well as the beautiful, leaves its image behind. And these images must remain, at least for a season, and constitute, it may be, a part of the scenery of that world into which the soul is ushered when it leaves the form. These considerations lead us to apprehend a wide diversity in human-spiritual conditions that is not, and can not be, restricted to earth. From these premises, and with the facts of spiritual manifestations before us, we may be warranted in the conclusion that undeveloped spirits act within our own sphere, and if they are not equal in power to those more developed, they may, nevertheless, under certain circumstances, come into closer proximity to the imperfect life on earth, and hence may affect human conditions not less sensibly.

A disposition to be, in *appearance*, what we are not in *fact*, is extremely prevalent among spirits in the body; and that this is inherent in the man is as certain as that the essential elements of life and thought have their springs within. Every where, and variously, is this inclination exemplified. The man who enters his name at the hotel with a title that is not his own; the tyro who struts an hour in Macbeth; the servant who steals his master's livery; he who claims to be an editor because, forsooth, he has acquired a certain facility in the use of scissors; every person of vulgar habits who vainly seeks to ape the manners of refined society; and hypocrites who combine a godly seeming with a real unholiness;—these, all, and in every avenue of life—furnish illustrations of that ambition which prompts men of defective minds and morals to appear to be what in reality they are not. The known laws of human development and the moral momentum which the soul acquires in this world, alike forbid the supposition that these inclinations can be instantly overcome and reversed by any transition which affects the *mode* rather than the *nature* of man's existence. Manifestations of an occult presence may therefore proceed from inferior intelligences, and spirits still actuated by self-love may not unfrequently gratify a vain ambition, by attempting to personate their superiors. And that this does occasionally occur, is strongly indicated by the nature of a portion of the manifestations.

Our limited space will not permit us to finish what we have yet to say on this subject, and we must therefore ask the indulgence of the reader until next week.

## REV. HOSEA BALLOU.

The Father of American Universalism departed this life, at his late residence in Boston, on the 7th inst., in the eighty-first year of his age. The immediate cause of his dissolution was bilious fever, of which he had been confined but about one week. The subject of this notice was a native of New Hampshire, but has lived in Boston since 1817. His labors as a preacher were commenced in 1791, and he had consequently been a public religious teacher for more than sixty years. During the last thirty-five years of his life he was pastor of the Universalist Church in School-street.

Father Ballou was less distinguished for his scholastic attainments than for his originality of thought, and a singular simplicity and aptness of illustration, which rendered his ministrations both entertaining and instructive. His style was familiar and conversational, and without any apparent effort he never failed to rivet the attention of the hearer. It is but just to say that he has exerted a wider and deeper influence on society than any other preacher of Universalism, and has done vastly more to fashion the religious faith and theological opinions of the denomination.

The unaffected simplicity that characterized his mode of imparting religious instruction, was not less conspicuous in all his life, and especially in the amiable spirit that governed his intercourse with the world. With a highly nervous temperament, and great mental and physical activity, he possessed a remarkable power of self-control, and amid the fiercest storm of opposition he was always calm and rational. His youth and manhood were distinguished for earnest and successful labors, while his decline was sanctified by the maturity of his virtues. The closing years of his life were serene and beautiful, and full of hope.

## Bishop Otey on the Rappings.

We cut the following letter from the *Commercial Advertiser*, with the prefatory remarks of that paper. The language of the Rev. Prelate is precisely what we desire and all we ask. Our aim is not to convince, but to induce such minds as his to investigate the subject, we have no fears as to the result. In the mean time, we may indulge the hope that the insinuation of the *Commercial Advertiser* that the Bishop will be afraid to give the result to the public is not well founded.

The following curious and absurd,—we mean in the honorable sense—letter from Bishop Otey of the Pres-

testant Episcopal Church, is going the rounds of the papers. We rather suspect the public will have long to wait for the report of that more private interview which has been promised to the worthy divine.—*Ed. Com. Ad.*

COLUMBIA, (Tenn.) April 27, 1852.

Dear Sir:—I have this moment received yours of the 21st instant, asking me for my "experience and impressions" in reference to what are called "spiritual manifestations," rappings, &c., and which for some months past have created considerable interest and curiosity in many parts of our country. I have to say that, last November, while stopping at the Burnett House in Cincinnati, I was present at some very curious and inexplicable exhibitions, made, it would seem, under the direction or through the agency of the Misses Fox—their mother and other persons being also present.

Upon a careful consideration of all that I witnessed and of all that I wrote down at the time—for I made copious notes of all that transpired—I came to the conclusion that I had witnessed the most adroit and clever piece of trickery, at which it had ever been my fortune to be present, or that this exhibition presented a new, singular, and at present, inexplicable modification of what is popularly termed mesmerism. With the facts before me, including the apparent artlessness and simplicity of the actors in this case, I have not been able to come to any definite conclusion; but my mind remains in that state of dubiety which I have indicated above.

With regard to the use of my name by the converts to this strange development of human cunning or spiritual revelations, I have to say that I have given no authority for such use. While the exhibition was in progress at Cincinnati, I frequently observed to others that it was too serious a matter to be laughed at; that I thought it was alike the province of Christian truth and philosophy to investigate and to expose fallacy, fraud and deception where they were found—or to consider the facts where they were fully established, and make the conclusions which enlightened reason would warrant. It was from taking this position, and declaring my determination to examine further and more rigidly, if the opportunity should ever present itself, that my name probably was ever connected with this matter.

If there be any truth in these pretensions, I shall know it before a great while, as I was promised revelations to be made here in Tennessee, and to myself *when alone*, which, so far as I am concerned, will settle the question of the truth or falsehood of these "spiritual manifestations," at once and forever. For they are promised from spirits, that I feel sure are not "lying spirits." When I hear anything from the quarter indicated, you and your readers shall have the full benefit of the knowledge of the fact; whether I shall allow you to share in the profits of the communication, in other respects, I will not say.

You may, if you please, publish this, if you think it will subserve the cause of truth.

Very respectfully, your friend,

JAS. H. OTEY.

## "THE TWO FATHERS."

Señor ADADUS CALPE, a Spanish gentleman, at present residing in the neighboring city of Brooklyn, is the author of an unpublished work, which he is now engaged in translating into the English language, for the press of Messrs. Stringer and Townsend. The first volume, entitled "THE RUINS OF THE PARACLETE," has already appeared, and is a tangible evidence of the writer's genius and attainments. We have seldom read a book that has so closely engaged our attention. Considered merely as a story, it is intensely interesting. The incidents are happily chosen, and introduced with dramatic effect; and there is a graphic power exhibited throughout the narration, that must fix the attention of the most listless reader. The writer certainly possesses a rare combination of faculties. He has a most vigorous imagination, admirably balanced in its exercise by careful discipline and a rational judgment. While he is highly imaginative, he is never a dreamer in any sense that implies weakness or a lack of logical discrimination. The work is eminently philosophical, yet never wanting in vivacity, and with the peculiar gifts and graces exhibited in the author's beautiful style, he unites an intuitive perception of the deepest psychological laws.

We solicit the reader's attention to the subjoined extract. Schmidt, a lover of wisdom and profoundly versed in the mysteries of Nature, is discoursing to two young nobles who have come to visit him among the ruins.

I seek to know whether man always sins when he performs actions contrary to the law. It is a question I have asked myself on seeing the unbridled course we run, dragged on by our sensual and sordid appetites, till we seem to have been born rather to fight against Providence, nature, and our own happiness, than for any thing else. This universal, constant, tenacious tendency of the inferior part of man, is diametrically opposed to the rectitude which characterizes the soul in her intimate self-consciousness, or, which is the same thing, conscience; and I have drawn a consequence from the psychological nature of the thinking principle, which has made me ask myself the following question:—Is it certain, as the philosophers of times past have said, that the senses deceive and are deceived? And I have come to the conclusion that the senses never deceive, that what deceive the soul are the combinations, the judgments she forms of the images which the *conductors of the exterior life* transmit; and these depend on her state, that is to say, on the normal or abnormal state in which she finds herself, subjected by a preternatural excitation which operates on the *conductors of movement*, and on those of *sensation*. The over-excitement of the mind produced by internal or external causes, very often guarantees miserable man against the judgment of God; because, in truth, if all the wickedness which he perpetrates

were done by him in a normal state, he would deserve that the thunderbolts of Divine wrath should efface from the earth the steps of the vile insects which, with heads lifted up, insult him at every step, at every breath, at every link of the chain of time which passes unbroken over their existence. Perhaps you will not understand the end I propose to myself in many of those things I have just told you; but this is my idea, which I have in part stolen from the profound Dr. Bertrand, whose treatise on artificial somnambulism is a work worthy of immortalizing its author.\* This profound genius in his flight, rushes across the wide-spread hemisphere of philosophy, of physiology, and of history. Finally, gentlemen, as to physiological phenomena, I have made a great progress; but psychology belittles me. It is certain that the soul enjoys an activity that we will call ubiquity, if not instantaneous, at least successive and wonderfully rapid; it has its *agents or conductors of sentiment*, which, according to modern discoveries, are certain nerves under its immediate control, and from these active, swift, and rapid spontaneities are born an infinity of phenomena which bewilder the imagination, disconnect the judgment, baffle the reason, and confound all the faculties of one who seeks to study them profoundly. Enthusiasm, moral fear, spiritual love, ecstasies, the sur-excitation of the passions, are they not marvels which the soul works upon the body, just as that which you have experienced has operated upon it; like those felt by drunkards, the sensual, cowards, and those who allow themselves to be dominated by their animal appetites? Gentlemen, man knows nothing; he must study himself yet many centuries to be able to understand himself. What wonders does not the soul exhibit in this state of intense, powerful, destructive, insurmountable irritation which controls her! If she is seized by fear you see the members fail, the strength vanishes, the body falls into syncope: if in one of those supreme moments she touches, without materializing herself in the least, the conductors of sentiment, those nerves that must be called the immediate agents of the spiritual power, they excite enthusiasm; if for a woman, and without thinking of her body, man does wonders; if in an army, and each soldier is a hero, unsubdued by fatigue, the third part of which would be sufficient, in the absence of his enthusiasm, to kill him; if in a person fanatical in religion, or it may be truly pious, and he presents us with ecstasies, elevations; because, gentlemen, when the soul is in all her activity, when passion for any object rules, subjects, disquiets, torments, devours, destroys, kills us; she forgets the body, and the *nerves of sentiment* work wonders, produce convulsions, contractions, leaps, elevations, gestures, things unseen, unheard of. O! if man could enter into this spiritual world! if he could succeed in penetrating the *why* of his phenomena, if he could surprise nature in her most exquisite operations, he would see that many of the bad actions he commits are not sinful before God; as those of the madman, those of a man intoxicated, those of one who sleeps, those of the somnambulist. That is my idea, Kant, to see if I could succeed in disculpating the human race before conscience, before God, before reason, from all his errors when they are born of that sur-excitation of the soul's activity in which the senses are left powerless. This is my idea, awakened by seeing men so corrupt, so brutal. But what! I dream! I imagine myself alone; I believe no one hears me; it is already late, you doubtless wish to repose.

—No, my friend, go on; for my part, I confess I would fain listen to you all night.

—M. Schmidt, said the Baron—your luminous conversation puts me into an ecstatic state like those of which you have just spoken; I enjoy hearing you as though I were present at the plan of God in forming the world.

—Thanks, gentlemen, thanks; but the body demands that the exercise of the *conductors of movement*, or, as you call them, the senses, be suspended for some hours.

Half an hour afterward nothing interrupted the august silence of the ruins of the Paraclete. The two nobles, tired of so many emotions, and in a state of marvellous psychological and normal physiological tranquility, were sleeping in a chamber contiguous to that of Schmidt. But it will be well before we speak of the admirable man, to describe his appearance as we see him sitting at the foot of his poor bed, in his shirt sleeves, with naked feet; and that we take note of the battle his soul sustains against himself. There are moments when he inclines and shakes his head; at other instants he stands up and seems in imagination to be seeking something; now he takes a few paces on the damp earth; now he has stretched his arm with features of fearful expression; now he lets it fall and sighs; now he presses his hand upon his forehead, his countenance is wrinkled; now he smiles, he puts his forehead to his mouth; now he seizes his large beard, tearing it hairs with indignation; now he makes affirmative signs, now negative; he takes a few large strides, being near some planks whereon are placed instruments of death in infinite variety, he recoils; now, shrugging his shoulders, he looks up to Heaven. He seems mad, or in a state of sur-excitation, like that of which he has just spoken. Schmidt, lighted by a little lamp whose pallid light in its last agonies throws off sparks, half undressed, with his extreme thinness of body and distorted visage, bears no resemblance to the being who was discoursing half an hour ago. Schmidt, in speaking, was like one of those birds who mount up as though they would touch the sky, and in his strange bed-room resembles the same bird which before had dazzled the sight, caught and imprisoned in an iron cage, where nothing can be seen but a miserable piece of corruptible flesh. While our readers have made this reflection, the Gallo-German has taken a small vial, directed himself to the door which communicates with the room in which are his guests, his hand is placed upon it, now he is going to open it, he has opened it, with one foot raised he is looking at the Baron, who sleeps profoundly, the veins of the neck are swelling, the *as hyoides* rises and falls, he compresses his accelerated breath, now he has taken a step, the hand that holds the bottle trembles, . . . he bites his lip, returns into his own apartment, places the bottle on the shelf, clasps his hands, looks up to Heaven, and weeps—the lamp goes out.

Our readers will find this work at 222 Broadway. We shall look with interest for the appearance of the succeeding volumes.

\* The whole scientific world is acquainted with the learned Doctor here mentioned, whose death, and the consequent loss of all his works, is deeply deplored by all who knew the transcendent sublimity which characterized the unpublished, but powerful writings of this too-early lost French facultative.

## NEW-YORK CONFERENCE,

FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

[WEEKLY REPORT.]

Friday Evening, May 28, 1852.

Present, Chas. Partridge, J. N. Stebbins, John White, John T. S. Smith, Wm. Sager, P. L. Demerest, Jas. Duncan, Rufus Elmer, Mrs. Aurelia Elmer, D. H. Jacques, C. K. Mitchell, J. E. Austin, H. C. Billings, H. H. Hall, J. C. Knapp, J. T. White, Dr. H. E. Schoonmaker, Dr. John F. Gray, Dr. R. T. Hallock, T. Vail, R. Ryce, Jas. H. Allen, Wm. P. Taylor, J. Taylor, T. K. Tompkins and lady, Geo. T. Robinson, Benj. Ellis, and twenty others.

Mr. Elmer gave an account of the condition of Spiritualism in Springfield, Mass. Much interest was manifested in the cause there. Thirty or more mediums had been developed, since Mr. D. D. Hume (a medium) had been there, which was in February last. The interest had increased. Two highly respectable families had become mediums. Any member of these families can get sounds when in company with others, but not alone. A Methodist minister by the name of Beckwith, has been developed, much against his wishes, as a writing medium. Mr. Beckwith writes with great freedom, and the sentiments inculcated are often essentially opposed to those which he is known to entertain. He has often said, when publicly reading his spirit-writings, that the doctrines were not his own, and that he could not coincide with the spirits. On one occasion he refused, for some time, to deliver a discourse, which they had caused him to write, on account of its repugnance to his own views; whereupon he was vigorously exercised, and finally compelled to deliver it, which he did under pretext.

Another writing medium, a Mr. Hume, (not D. D.) has been developed. His writings are often above his attainments in all respects. In fact he can not, himself, read them very well. He is a blacksmith, and quite illiterate.

Mr. Elmer also mentioned another case of a very interesting character. The gentleman is a merchant, and is not willing, at present, to have his name published. The medium believed at first that it was nothing but electricity; but an interesting disclosure from a man in the Spirit-world, to his wife in this, upset his electrical theory.

Mr. E. said the interest had been increased in Springfield, by the successive explosions of the various hypotheses, by the ever new and varied spiritual facts which were occurring there.

Mr. Partridge remarked that many attempts have been made to account for the occurrence of these phenomena, upon other theories than that of its spiritual origin, and as fast as they have been presented, the spirits have been enabled to make demonstrations showing their fallacy; and so he trusted it will ever continue to be. He said the most inconsistent objections to the spiritual origin of these phenomena are those of those professed christians and spiritual teachers, whose faith rests upon the historical record of spiritual communion and other demonstrations, similar to those attested by thousands of living witnesses, and who yet stand aloof from investigation, and denounce the whole as a delusion, because, in their opinion, it is impossible for spirits to communicate with man. Thus a fatal blow is aimed at all faith in revelations from the spiritual world.

Mr. Benjamin Ellis said the reply of such Christians would most likely be, that the spirit-demonstrations recorded there were enough; modern ones would be deemed by them superfluous, even if true. He says the superstitious terror which once invested the idea of spiritual intercourse, seems to be fast passing away, as is evident from the calmness with which the subject is treated and the composure which attends the intercourse with spirits; which, whether correctly or not, thousands now believe they are enjoying, by night and by day, alone and in company.

Mr. Partridge desired to impress upon all men the duty of investigation. He thought it a subject which commended itself to all men; its claims are as broad as the race. He said the interest already apparent in this subject is very great, and he desired to see it deepened and extended.

Mr. Elmer stated a remarkable case of physical demonstration, which took place at the house of Mr. John D. Lord, in Springfield, where Mr. D. D. Hume (the medium) usually called some time since. All the persons in the room got on the table; when, with the weight of at least 600 pounds upon it, the spirit moved it strongly across the room. He said it was sometimes objected that the so-called spirit-mediums give us nothing but the reflection of our own minds and creeds, and it was argued thence, that there was nothing spiritual in the case. This assumption, Mr. E. thinks goes too far; for we pay ministers large salaries as mediums between us and the spiritual world, and they give us nothing but the echo of our own peculiar theological opinions; and so if the assumption is valid is the first instance, it must be in the last, and of consequence there is nothing spiritual in them. He thinks that in the christian world there is really but little faith in the immortality of man. He draws the conclusion from much personal observation and intercourse. He related a conversation between himself and a pious man, who objected to the spiritual manifestations, as an illustration of the defective faith of many good christians. They may have a sort of general dreamy idea of immortality—a kind of ghostly faith in a phantom-like existence; but as to any tangible individuality or substantial life hereafter, he thinks the very church itself as deficient in faith, as it is in knowledge. The prevalent idea is, that the spirit or the immortal part of man, is thought; which is confounding what spirit is with what it does; thought being but one of the functions of spirit. In this way the church assumes to an ideal immortality, alike unsatisfactory to itself and pernicious to the world; so, when the church assumes that the spirit of man is thought, the philosophic skeptic, taking the church definition as the highest authority, denies immortality on the ground that thought is the result of organization. "Thought," says the skeptic, "is created by organization, and lives and dies with it; is a mere function of the brain it can not survive its dissolution." "We might as well," says the skeptic, "look for the loss of the bee, after the insect has passed away, as to look for a thought after the brain which manifested it has returned to its kindred elements." But has the church pondered to a mortal skepticism, from its own want of knowledge upon the great subject in question. It is the office of these spiritual demonstrations, to confer that knowledge; to give the world a realizing sense that a spirit is not a mere function, but



A MAN—a man in every sense of the term; and that what the external observer sees of him, and deems his only substantial selfhood, is in fact but the shadowy outline of an inner reality, compared with which, the gross external is as the fig, which, for a brief hour, may veil the beams of the morning sun.

Mr. Ellis thinks that disbelief in the spiritual existence of man does not exist to the extent supposed by Mr. Elmer. For himself he never doubted it for a moment. What the alleged modern spiritual phenomena might be, was yet to be proved. He had, on one occasion, witnessed some facts which he could not explain; and he would concede that the rappings, &c., conveyed intelligence, and of necessity were directed by intelligence; but whether the directing mind was in the present or future states of being, was not so clear to him at present. But they could not be necessary to establish a belief in immortality; for that faith existed prior to the modern spiritual epoch. Mr. E. alluded to the current rumor that many had become crazy in consequence of the new doctrine of spiritualism, and mentioned two cases within his own knowledge; though he would not say this was a valid objection to the facts themselves, or to a proper investigation of them.

Dr. Hallock expressed his regret that men of sober judgment should ever connect the two ideas of insanity and spiritualism. The objection was the mere cant of a superficial mind. Mr. Ellis belonged to a sect of whom the vulgar charged, and probably believed, that its doctrine led to licentiousness. None knew better than himself, how false and foolish it was; and none could appreciate better than himself, that the first inquiry should be, not as to consequences, but, *Is it true?* For, if it be true, (as was remarked by Dr. Gray,) it must take place in the Divine order, and must be under the supervision of the great "Father of spirits," who is as competent to control consequences as he is to create laws and to develop facts. But the truth is just the reverse of the alleged objection. A sober investigation of these things leads from insanity, not to it. He doubted whether there was an individual within the sound of his voice, who could endure a living faith in endless infernal torments, as taught by the orthodox church, and preserve the balance of his mind for forty-eight hours. Witness the agony which vents itself in yells and lamentations, under the temporary realization of this horrid dogma, so often seen in what are called "revivals of religion." Now, shall it be said, that manifestations, proving by the evidence of all our external senses, as well as by our highest reason and intuition, that man, in all the essential elements of his manhood, is an immortal and an eternally progressive being; that in the future, there is literally and substantially spread out for him—

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Arrayed in living green!"

A state where love rules, where action is rest, where hunger and thirst is, not as here, for the "food that perisheth," but for increased righteousness and truth; shall it be urged, we ask, that manifestations destined to bring a knowledge of this glorious future to the practical realization of every man, and at the same time fraught with lessons of the deepest instruction, as to how he may the better prepare himself to enjoy it, are big with the elements of insanity? Observe the minds who for months have been patiently and earnestly investigating the subject in this city. Many of them are here present. We mingle with them in business transactions and in the social relations of life. Do they exhibit any traits of the fell disease? Insanity can not flow from any truth. Disorder can not proceed from order. Figs can not be gathered from thistles, nor grapes from thorns. An inharmonious organization, or a disorderly or too intense investigation of any truth, may produce derangement. What then? Shall we denounce the sunshine because we are sometimes injured or killed by exposure to its rays? Shall we have no water because drunken men fall into it and are drowned? and shall we reject the mission of those "ministering angels," the "spirits of just men made more perfect," who come to lead us on to virtue and to God, because a weak brother, made drunk with the wine of human creeds, has lost his reason for a time, in the delirium it has induced? Humanity forbid!

Much friendly conversation ensued upon this and other subjects relating to spiritual facts, the influence of these manifestations, the powers of the human mind, &c.

Mr. Ellis related an interesting fact on the authority of a clergyman, who stated that it occurred about thirteen years ago and subsequently to the death of a daughter of one of the most distinguished citizens of New Brunswick, N. J. The mother of the young lady deceased, heard the piano played during the night; and, as she supposed, the music was a favorite tune of her daughter's. After the music ceased, she thought that it could not be so; that her imagination must have deceived her as to the tune, though she could have no doubt as to the playing of the instrument. It was explained for a time, by supposing that a rat or a mouse had run over the keys. Precaution was taken afterward to detect them by sprinkling flour upon the instrument in such a way as to detect the smallest foot print. It was without success. The piano was again and again heard to play the old familiar music, with no aid from rats, or any other visible agency that the family could discover.

Mr. Elmer related a case demonstrative of the ability of spirits to perform on musical instruments, which occurred at his own house. One other person, very skeptical, beside the medium was present. The room was dark, and the gentleman present, to prevent deception, sat beside the medium and held his hands. He sat on the other side and between the medium and the instrument, which was a seraphine. Soon, odic or electric lights concentrated on the instrument, which was moved from its place, as it had often been before. Presently the bellows was inflated, the keys were touched and musical sounds produced, though no particular tunes were heard. That the sounds were made inside of the instrument, he is certain, for he placed his hand on it and knew that it was closed as usual, and the cloth which covered it had not been removed.

Mr. E. said he had related to us but a very brief portion of his experience in spiritual intercourse, nor had he by any means selected the most remarkable. He proposed to state it more fully through the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, at some future time.

Adjourned, to meet again on Friday evening of next week.

R. T. HALLOCK, Sec'y.

## SPIRIT-LAND.

"The Spirit's growth life."

LELLIO.

BY A GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

Furnished for the Telegraph by D. J. MANDELL.

The following beautiful poem was written by a Spirit—within the space of half an hour—by the hand of Mr. OSCAR HAVEN, (Medium,) Worcester, Mass. The circumstances attending its production were briefly as follows: The Spirit purporting to be the guardian angel of Mr. Haven, was desirous of giving him a name corresponding to his spiritual capacity as a medium of the "Pleasure Boat"—the circle to which he is attached—and the mode adopted was, to furnish the poem, with the "new name" rhythmically occurring at the end of every verse.

D. J. M.

The evening shades were falling  
Around the peaceful Earth,  
When I, silent, sat recalling,  
Beside the cheerful hearth,  
The scenes that passed long years ago,  
In the short life of LELLIO.

The evening fires dim were glowing,  
While the shadows, faint and tall,  
From the grate before me flowing,  
Danced upon the parlor wall,  
Like the shades that come and go  
Over the brow of LELLIO.

And all was silent, calm, and still,  
As Angels came around,  
And, by their influence, seemed to fill  
The parlor with a sound  
Of Spirits, breathing soft and low,  
And sweetly whispering, LELLIO!

Just then I saw a form before me—  
A form so pure and bright,  
That I said, I will adore thee,  
Being of Love and Light!  
Then listen, Angel, to the flow  
Of homage from thy LELLIO.

She gently raised her spirit-hand,  
And placed it on my brow,  
And bound me, in a flowery band,  
All brightly blooming now—  
While faintly breathing, soft and low,  
Fell from her lips—MY LELLIO!

Descending from the Spirit-land,  
I bring thee words of cheer;  
And gently now I press thy hand,  
And write my precepts here:  
Now calmly let my numbers flow,  
To teach thee truth, my LELLIO.

Now listen to the words of truth  
I bring thee from the Land of Light,  
And let them in thy heart of youth,  
There glow forever bright;  
And Life shall ever peaceful flow  
Away to thee, my LELLIO.

Let Love thy every action guide,  
Till life shall cease to be;  
Let Love o'er every thought preside,  
And this shall make you free:  
Do good to all, where'er you go,  
And Peace shall follow LELLIO.

Angelic forms are thronging round thee,  
To guide thy feet aright,  
And by their influence firm have bound thee  
In chains of heavenly light,  
Which shall with truth forever glow,  
To keep thee true, my LELLIO.

Thy pathway brightly beams before thee  
Unto the Land of God;  
Go, and learn what will restore thee  
To the way which angels trod;  
And, learning, practice what ye know,  
And God shall bless thee, LELLIO.

Wide open is the door of Love:  
Come in, and ye shall see  
The glories of the spheres above,  
Where care forgets to be;  
Where mankind shall forever go  
Progressing onward, LELLIO.

Come in, and join that happy band,  
Who meet in love and faith,  
And pledge thy heart, with willing hand,  
To what the Spirit saith;  
And ye shall truly, truly know  
Where bliss is found, my LELLIO.

There harmony shall brightly shine  
Into thine inmost soul,  
And teach thee lessons all divine,  
Which from Jehovah roll,  
To bless His children here below,  
And watch and guide my LELLIO.

Before thee lies the gem of truth,  
All radiant with light;  
Then grasp the treasure in thy youth,  
And keep it pure and bright;  
And darkness ye shall never know,  
Nor clouds of doubt, my LELLIO.

There heavenly light revealed shall be,  
And peaceful thoughts arise;  
There Spirit-beauties ye shall see  
Descending from the skies,  
And through thy soul sweet love shall glow  
With blissful brightness, LELLIO.

Then in her hand a scroll she took,  
And spread it open wide,  
And bade me on its landscape look  
And see how joy should glide  
Adown the river's changing flow,  
That marked the life of LELLIO.

And if in vicious paths I strayed,  
I heard her warning lay,  
As on my brow her hand she laid,  
And told the better way,  
And pointed to the land where grew  
No thorns to pain her LELLIO.

Thus day by day she hovered near,  
Directing every plan,  
And soothing by her words of cheer,  
Through all life's weary span;  
And when life's current ceased to flow,  
Took in her arms her LELLIO.

And then I saw a land more bright  
Than mortals ever know,  
Where Spirits robed in clouds of light,  
And flowers forever grow;  
And from all lips began to flow  
A welcome glad to LELLIO.

This done, the Presence closed the scroll,  
And gazed into mine eye,  
And said, "Few years o'er thee shall roll  
Ere we shall meet on High,  
Where time shall never cease to flow  
In joy and gladness, LELLIO."

Then from my brow her hand she took,  
And faded into air,  
Yet cast on me one parting look,  
And gave one promise rare—  
Unseen she'd guide me where to go,  
And e'er be near her LELLIO.

And thus the vision passed away,  
And the fire burned bright and clear,  
And then, methought, an angel lay,  
Like music met my ear,  
Uttering, in accents soft and low,  
"I'll guide thee safely, LELLIO."

## THE DOCTRINE OF AFFINITY.

The following communication, alleged to be from the great Biblical expositor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was given through W. BOYNTON, writing medium, at Waterford, N. Y.

When we consider the doctrine of affinities, we are led, at once, to account for what we behold in the world of nature: We see why one substance adheres to another; why one form of matter becomes blended and assimilated with another. The doctrine is worthy the thought of the profoundest philosopher.

We behold why there exists so much discord, uneasiness, and such differences among different species of animals, and different kinds of matter; why some plants can not grow and flourish in the vicinity of others; why some animals can not dwell together; and also why a higher order of animals can not enjoy each other's society. This is all explained by the laws of affinities, as seen in Nature.

It is a fact, beyond successful contradiction, that all pairs are not mates. Because a man or woman is a parent, there is not of necessity, an affinity with the children; because two persons are brothers or sisters, there is not, necessarily, an affinity between them; but observation proves, that though there is the same blood coursing through their veins, it does not follow that there is an affinity of mind or feeling. Neither must we infer, because two are wedded according to law, that they have an affinity for each other. Facts are in the way of such an idea.

There are two kinds of affinities: first, natural, or such as are found in the kingdom of nature; second, spiritual, or such as are found in the Spirit-world.

It is erroneous to suppose that because a man is the husband of a woman in this world, that he will be so in the Spirit-world; that children whom he has begotten here, will be necessarily his in a future state.

Natural affinities are found in the kingdom of nature. Oil and water will not amalgamate; yet oily substances have affinities. Iron and stone will not cohere; yet iron has affinities and will attract. Flesh and other matter will not mingle. Soluble substances may run together in one stream, yet still be separate. It is so with animals. There may be all kinds in a drove, and at times, be mixed when in motion; but when in repose, all of a kind will be found congregated in groups by themselves. If they do voluntarily commingle, it is owing to an unnatural cause.

So man and woman may dwell together where there is no affinity of feeling, yet still refrain from all outward things that would excite any suspicion that their spirits are different, their loves, desires, &c., are different. Children, and other friends, are often not so in spirit, though apparently so, according to the laws of this world.

This doctrine is at the foundation of all societies, whether in this sphere or any other. It is one that is little considered; but the day is dawning when it will be understood and appreciated; when the current of popular opinion will set in another direction; when the discord and petty warfare that have arisen in families and communities shall be resolved into this one idea; when enlightened reason shall preponderate; and when the laws of Nature will be observed and venerated as the laws of God. Then will be a happy day for this world; then will harmony be, not, as now, in name; and peace shall reign universal.

Spiritual affinities are known more especially in the Spirit-world, and for this reason, that

spirits know as they are known. Here, mankind judge often from exterior, which often are deceptive, and from language, which as often deceives. There, they labor under no such mistakes. They perceive at a glance, for whom they have an affinity.

It has been supposed that parents or friends must of course be our guardian spirits. But this does not follow. Often spirits we never knew in the flesh are our guardians through life and through eternity; when those who are related, are guardians to others, for whom they have a natural affinity.

These things are apparently of doubtful import; but are nevertheless true.

Who did Jesus say was his father and friends? They who did the will of God: not his mother or brothers. His natural affection was governed by natural affinity.

Spirits of all spheres are laboring to present truths to earth's inhabitants. Soon a constant stream of divine light and love will be poured from the heavenly regions. Soon, families, communities and nations, will be governed by and grounded upon the laws that govern spirits in the spheres. All human laws and creeds will vanish away. All things which have disturbed society will forever cease. All weapons of offense and defense will be formed into articles of industry. The wisdom of heaven will be acknowledged. The Earth will be renovated. The disorders in the seasons, and the changes which are experienced in different climates will become uniformity. Excess of all kinds will cease. It will not be, as now, one part of the Earth excessive in heat, while another is excessive in cold; but a mildness, and serenity, and harmony, in the climate and atmosphere, will ensue, that shall blend the rudimentary into the spiritual, in more senses than one. This is prophecy; but it will be fulfilled.

Mind, matter, and nature in general, will undergo a great change—so great, that the most enlarged mind in this rudimentary state can not conceive it. Spirits see how much is wrong in the natural world, as in the world of mind—that all is chaos yet—that the earth is not what it will be, any more than myriads of ages ago it was what it now is. A great era is breaking forth. This great chaotic mass has been laboring and travelling for many ages, with but little apparent change, so slow has been its progress. But there ever has been and will be, in the course of events, a time when a system is matured. Like the bird in its shell, a time will arrive when it can no longer remain encased, but must break forth with a desperate struggle. So with nature, and the mind, for ages enclosed in their shell. A great revolution is preparing; a great eruption is to take place. Mind has been held in abeyance by the creeds and dogmas imposed upon it; but it has long been groaning to be free. Nature has been unfolding, and developing, and progressing toward maturity.

The birth-time has nearly arrived. It will come forth. It does not travail in vain. It will not be an abortion, but a real birth. The murky darkness, which has enshrouded the past, is rapidly dissipating before the light of reason. The sun of righteousness and peace is peering above the dense columns of discord and chaos. Light and heat are radiating upon the darkness and coldness of forms, customs, and systems, exposing their deformity in unmistakable characters.

ADAM CLARKE.

For the Spiritual Telegraph.

## MY NAME.

To-day, the Angels have told me that I was known in the Spirit-land, by the name of—LOVE! Oh, holy name! Oh, blessed word! The sacred name of the All-Father himself!—and, therefore, worthy to be my name, so I were only worthy to wear it! For, like God, like man—like Father, like child! God a Love, and I a Love, too! He, the great Love, and I a little Love from Him! He, the eternal Love of the eternal Universe, and I a young Love but yesterday unfolded from His bosom! He, the creating Love, and I the Love created! We two, thus infinitely unlike in degree, and yet in nature but one—for both of us—LOVES!

Think not, my soul, this honor too high. Fear not to compare thy little self with God, nor shrink at the thought of accepting the great challenge, "Be like thy Father!" God himself hath given that challenge. I ought to be like Him. It ought to be true that, "I and my Father are one," and angels bid me make it true! They bid me be God—"God manifest in the flesh"—and "Immanuel, God with men!" They bid me be Love! They are Loves, and they bid the Earth-children be so, too! All the angels are Loves, and therefore come they back to the brothers who remain behind, that we may be so with them! Oh, the love of those who dwell in the Celestial Land—that it can bring them from their bright abode, to whisper in the hearts of mortals, "We love, love ye, that we may all together grow up to be glorious, holy, divine Loves, after the likeness of that great, infinite Love that hath unfolded us all!" Oh, human brothers, let us listen to their call!

And yet, though I ought to be what they call me in that dear Spirit-home—my home, as well as that of those already born into it—no words that ever fell from the lips of man, no inspiration of highest seraph, no voice of any thing that was ever created, can speak the deep bliss of being that! To be a Love, a beautiful, heavenly, Godlike Love—to be a Love to great Nature, to the mighty brotherhood of Men, the mightier brotherhood of Spirits, and the Supreme Father of All—to be all Love, and Love eternally, and to be eternally growing up into the Infinite Love—oh, bliss of bliss! oh, perfect ecstasy of delight! An ocean of happiness—ocean without a bottom, and without a shore! Holy Spirits, who have revealed this to me, make me, make me worthy of this bliss—but yet more, make me such a Love!

And so my name makes known my duty, and bespeaks my mission. Henceforth, I am, to love! I am to love as they do who gave the name, and as they do where they gave it! I am to love as the angels love! I am to love this rudimentary world as they do, and with them labor to save it. I am to love men—all men, deeply, tenderly, fondly—to clasp them to my heart of hearts, and feel that they are all, all my own! I am to love them all, because God does; but those most, who most need—the sad, the suffering, the crushed—and, still more, the vile, the loathsome, the guilty! O yes! I am to love those who love not God—who love not good—who love not me! The lower any sink, and the more they oppose, the more gloriously kind, and compassionate, and loving, am I to be to them! To one, to all—I am to be Love, and nothing but Love! I am to "go about doing good," and where I can do the most, there must be my home! And my heaven—that must be where I can love most! I am to be good, do good, and make good. I am to make the brothers happy! I am to try to dry up the ocean of tears now raining from ten myriad times ten myriad faces, and to turn the sorrow of the weeper into joy! I am to do what I can to banish selfishness—to cast out the devil of hate—to cause the crimes and vices which now afflict and curse the race, to give place to holiness and virtue, and thus to change the earth into the likeness of the Inner Spheres—the Celestial country—the Heavenly land! Shining ones in that climate, help me to be indeed such a Love as this!

But specially am I to aid the angel-bands in spreading the great doctrine of *Spirituality*. I am to preach the new and glorious Evangel! This is love, that I bid men know that they are not all of the earth! I am to teach them that the kind Father has unfolded them *spirits*, immortal, brothers to the Seraphim! And I am to proclaim on the housetops, that there is no silent Land of the Dead—but that the brothers who have passed away, and before us experienced the true resurrection, now come back to us upon the earth, to tell us of the glories of their state, to scatter the night which has curtains our future, and to bid us be of good cheer, for we, also, shall yet work out the same high and wondrous destiny! Yes, *this is Love*, to raise man up from his debasement and earthliness, and make him feel that he is truly a child of the skies—an heir of fadless immortality!

I thank ye, then, my angel brothers! Solenn, and slow—almost tremblingly, and with awe—but yet with deep, serene joy, and calm, confiding trust—I accept my name! *I will be a Love!* Witness, ye kind and good, who call me so! From your celestial lights, in the dear Spirit-land for which I sigh, and to which I tend, to be one with you there—bear record to this vow, and give me strength to keep! *Make me a Love!* Make me what yourselves are! So bless me, Spirits of the Just, and all ye guiding Angels! Prophets, Apostles, Reformers of the by-gone time, and all ye Martyrs whose blood the earth hath drunk, e'en to Him we've called our Elder Brother—all ye, known now as Seraphim, Cherubim, or higher Arch-angels—oh, help me to be worthy of the name ye give—help me to be a Love! And, still more, Thou—Father, sublimely higher yet, above all so high—Supreme Love of all other Loves, because their Fountain and their Sun—Infinite Love of the Universe infinite—oh, bless Thou thy humble child, and help him so to mirror THEE, that men in him shall see Thyself, and in his heart and life forever read that blessed, glorious name—Thy name and his—the holy, angelic, divinest name of—LOVE!

JOSEPH TREAT.

New-York, June 7, 1852.

VALUABLE PROPERTY.—We desire to call the attention of such of our friends as may be interested in the sale and purchase of real estate, to the advertisement on our last page. Those who desire to provide themselves with a home contiguous to the city, should by no means fail to examine the dwellings at Williamsburg.

If those persons who receive specimen copies of the TELEGRAPH will but call the attention of their friends to the paper, they may greatly promote the cause to which it is devoted.



## Miscellaneous Department.

### BEAUTY.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

Oh, had I but a voice and words to tell  
The lovely dreams that haunt me evermore,  
The many thoughts that in my spirit dwell—  
Which are like harp strings rung in days of yore,  
That can not yet forget their silvery swell,  
When'er a breeze of gladness sweeps them o'er;  
Then might these broken thoughts, these lost dreams  
Poured forth in one deep strain of harmony.

Oh, Beauty! how my heart doth worship thee,  
Where'er thou dwellest in Nature's airy hall,  
Thou most resemblest what my dreams would be  
Could they rise real as my fancy's call.  
When glittering on the forest's leafy sea,  
Or hovering where the sunlit waters fall,  
I love thee, Beauty, in thine earthly shrine,  
How wilt thou trace me in thy home divine!

Oh! I have dreamed that when this soul unbound,  
Flies from its earthly tenement away,  
Words for its dazzling visions shall be found,  
And heavenly fires that now uncertain play  
About my spirit, then shall clasp it round,  
And burn the darkness from its depths away,  
Then like a land uprising from the night,  
How shall it waken to all joy and light!

### Electricity and the Whale Fishery.

We had an opportunity on Saturday to witness some interesting experiments performed under the direction of Mr. C. A. Heineken, an intelligent merchant of Bremen, Germany, now on a visit in this city, illustrating the effect of electricity to facilitate the capture of the whale. The subject was first brought to the notice of Mr. Heineken by the discourses of Dr. Somersburg, Professor of Natural History, and Mr. Ruckstam, in Bremen, as presenting important advantages over the mode hitherto employed in the whale fishery. The most prominent features of the new mode proposed, may be briefly enumerated as follows:—

The electricity is conveyed to the body of the whale from an electro-galvanic battery contained in the boat, by means of a metallic wire attached to the harpoon, and so arranged as to reconduct the electric current from the whale through the sea to the machine. The machine itself is simple and compact in construction, enclosed in a strong chest weighing about 350 pounds, and occupying a space in the boat of about three and a half feet long by two feet in width, and the same in height. It is capable of throwing into the body of the whale eight tremendous strokes of electricity in a second, or 950 strokes in a minute—paralyzing, in an instant, the muscles of the whale, and depriving it of all power of motion, if not actually of life.

That every whale at the moment of being struck with the harpoon is rendered powerless, as by a stroke of lightning, and therefore his subsequent escape or loss, except by sinking, is wholly impracticable; and the process of lancing and securing him is entirely unattended with danger. The arduous labor involved in a long chase in the capture of the whale is superseded, and consequently the inconvenience and danger of the boats losing sight of or becoming separated from the ship, is avoided. One or two boats only would be required to be lowered at a time, and therefore a less number both of officers and seamen than heretofore employed would be ample for the purposes of the voyage.

Mr. Heineken, although at first disinclined to place much reliance upon the proposed advantages to be derived from this discovery, has subsequently become in a great measure a convert to the theory, and at the urgent solicitation of practical whalers in his employ from the port of Bremen, has recently placed the apparatus on board of two whaling ships in which he is interested as owner, from that port. He is desirous of submitting the subject of the discovery to the consideration of practical whalers and others in this city, with a view of procuring further tests of its efficiency.—*New Bedford Mercury*, May 31.

### An Editor in Heaven.

Under the above caption a Southern newspaper gives a long obituary of a brother of the quill, from which we extract the closing paragraph. A glowing picture:

"Are we not glad that such an editor is in heaven? There the cry of 'more copy' shall never again fall upon his distracted ears. There he shall never be abused any more by his political antagonists, with lies and detractions that should shame a demon to promulgate. There he shall no more be used as a ladder for the aspiring to kick down as soon as they reach the desired height, and need him no more. There he shall be able to see the immense masses of mind he has moved, all unknowingly and unknown as he has been, during his weary pilgrimage on earth. There he will find all articles credited—not a clasp of his thunder stolen—and there shall be no horrid typographical errors to set him in a fever. We are glad the editor is in heaven."—*Ex.*

**THE SPECIFIC GRAVITY OF THE EARTH.**—By astronomy the earth can be weighed, and its density ascertained. And its known density is not so great as the pressure of its materials resting one upon another would naturally produce if these materials were at the ordinary surface temperature. This deficiency of natural density is so enormous that it bespeaks the continued operation of a great and general cause—a cause coexistent with the whole interior of the globe; and the only adequate cause of which we have the best knowledge is this interior heat. Heat expands all bodies and makes them lighter in proportion to their bulk.

**EFFECTS OF NEWSPAPERS ON THE MINDS OF INSANE PERSONS.**—Mayor Berry, of Williamsburg, publishes a letter on the subject of moral treatment for the insane, in which he states that he has ascertained in his last visits to the Lunatic Asylum that the reception of newspapers by that unfortunate class of patients produced a very satisfactory impression upon them and seemed decidedly to call them back, for the moment, to some degree of reason.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

## Summary of Intelligence.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 12, 1852.

### Wonderful Discovery.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Permit me to bring to your notice a process discovered by a citizen of this place, by which animal or vegetable matter, (i. e. plants or animals) may be preserved for any length of time—I have seen specimens of fish, reptiles, &c., beautifully preserved, which had been exposed, purposely in an open building for more than fifteen years. In this variable climate a thorough test. Human subjects appear, after the same length of time, as if but recently dead. There is no shrinking or discoloration of the features—nothing revolting in their appearance as in the Egyptian mummy. There is nothing removed, brains, entrails, all are suffered to remain intact. But the most extraordinary feature of the process remains to be told—a few drops of the fluid, administered in the food or drink of birds or animals, increasing the dose gradually, will, in a few days, not only destroy life, but also effectually preserve the subject from the ravages of time or insects, worms, &c., and this is all that is necessary, either for a mouse or an elephant. Bodies have been preserved by it, after decomposition or putrefaction had actually commenced. The discoverer, a respectable German physician, who is more familiar with retorts and crucibles than he is with the English language, is anxious to place himself in communication with some responsible party who would either purchase or make some arrangement advantageous to both.

W. H. SHECUT, M. D.

Charleston, S. C., Feb. 3, 1852.

[This is the announcement of a most wonderful discovery—valuable beyond computation. Every person who writes to Dr. Shecut on the subject, should pay their postage. A number of people write for information who do not act right in this respect.]—*Ed. Scientific American*.

### Death of John Howard Payne.

The Washington Correspondent of the *Baltimore Patriot* announces the death of John Howard Payne, U. S. Consul at Tunis. Poor Payne! He has been a life of extreme vicissitude, and his final resting place is on the sands of Africa. He was a man of fine genius and many accomplishments. He was the author of that charming song, "Home, sweet home." In his own beautiful language, he was doomed to "roam" "mid pleasures and palaces," far from home, for the greater part of his life; and it was probably this privation that inspired his muse to compose that celebrated song. We have never known a man possessed of a gentler spirit or more guileless heart. He had all the simplicity of a child, and his nice notions of honor and fine sensibilities were not in the slightest degree blunted by his long intercourse with the varied phases of society necessitated by his profession. He was originally appointed Consul to Tunis by Mr. Tyler. He was recalled by Mr. Polk in 1845, and reappointed by Mr. Fillmore in 1851. When superseded by Mr. Polk, he was engaged in writing a book on the manners, customs and institutions of the Barbary States. It was unfinished when he was removed, and on his restoration, it was his intention to complete the work. Whether his health and leisure, since he has been restored to the place, have been sufficient to enable him to resume and finish his assumed task, remains to be seen. We trust some able editor will find valuable manuscripts among his remains, which will add to his literary fame. Any authentic information in regard to that country and people would be exceedingly interesting.

### Reason in Brutes.

The orang-outang, without being taught, will do what a dog can not be taught to do, and untaught, can not think of doing; he will untwist or unravel his chain or cord. If the dog is chained, and the chain becomes in any way jammed between things lying about, or twisted upon itself, the animal drags hard at it, away from the point of entanglement, perhaps increasing the evil—becomes alarmed—cries out, and never thinks of slackening the chain, and returning back to see what the cause of the inconvenience is. Not so the orang-outang; the moment such an accident occurs, he deliberately sets about putting matters to rights. He does not drag away from the point of resistance—does not insist upon running forcibly counter, but instantly slackens his chain, as a human being would do under the like circumstances, and goes back to see what occasions the obstruction. If the chain has got entangled with a box or any other article of furniture, he disengages it; if it has become twisted, he considers the matter, and untwists it.

We had in our possession a dog of the shepherd breed, which happened to be tied up one day when a friend called upon us, who was eating a bun, a piece of which he threw to the animal. It fell on the floor before him, a few inches beyond the reach of his outstretched fore-paw. After several ineffectual attempts to get at it, the dog, to our surprise, turned round, and scraped the bread within his reach by his hind paws. This was a process of reasoning, an adaptation of means to an end, like that exhibited by the orang-outang, mentioned in the preceding paragraph.

### Singular Trance.

At the village of Farrington, situated about nine miles from Bristol, on the road to Wells, a young woman named Ann Cromer, the daughter of a master-mason, now lies in a complete state of catalepsy, in which extraordinary trance-like condition, should she survive until next November, (1850) she will have been for no less than thirteen years. During the whole of this extended period she has not partaken of any solid food, and the vital principle has only been sustained by the mechanical administration of fluids. Although, of course, reduced to almost a perfect skeleton, her countenance bears a very placid expression. Her respiration is perceptible, her hands warm, and she has some indication of existent consciousness. Upon one occasion, when asked if suffering from pain to squeeze the hand of her mother, placed in hers for that purpose, a slight pressure, the mother avers, was plainly distinguishable; and frequently when suffering from cramp, she has been heard to make slight moans. About sixteen weeks after the commencement of her trance, she was seized with the lock-jaw which occasions great difficulty in affording nourishment. The unfortunate woman is 25 years of age, and has been visited by a great number of medical gentlemen, who however held out no hopes of her ultimate recovery.—*English paper*.

### Extinct Volcanoes.

These by far outnumber the present active ones. In North America, along the whole line of the Rocky Mountains, and through the West Indies, they stand thickly as monuments of the Past. Their craters are as symmetrically formed and they exhibit the same lava streams, though in a hardened state, as those now burning. In Germany along the Rhine, travelers speak of the "castled crag of Drachenfels," the Elpel, and many others presenting the same phenomena. The centre of France is studded with them—especially about Clermont. In Italy the town of Cumae, founded a thousand years before the era, is built in the centre of a volcano. There is a space of 60 miles in length and 10 in breadth; there are sixty extinct craters, one of which is two miles in diameter. All these, with others in every quarter of the world, should be joined with the three hundred that are now burning, if we wish to have the full proof of the fiery wonders in the interior of our globe.

### One of the Old Ways.

The Fairmont (Va.) *True Virginian* says:—We are informed by Col. Haymond and others, that a portion of a regularly McAdamsized road has been discovered on the opposite side of the river from this place. We have not seen it ourselves, but learn that it extends pretty much along the bank of the river. Its width is about sixteen feet, and the track well graded. The bed of stone seems to be about two inches thick, and made precisely after the plan of our McAdamsized roads, the stone being broken to about the same size as that used for our roads. The discovery was made by the washing away of a hill side which partially covered the road. When, and by what race of people this road was made, is unknown at the present day, but it gives evidence of the existence of a population here at some former age of the world, as far advanced in civilization, or at least in the art of road-making, as ourselves. There was found in the bed of the road the stump of a chestnut-tree, which was ascertained to be 150 years old at the least, and how much older, our informant could not tell, as the stump was hollow.

### Praying by Machinery.

M. Hue, whose travels in Tartary and other Eastern countries have recently been published, relates a species of devotion among the Buddhists of Mangul, which is altogether unique. This is nothing more nor less than *praying by machinery*. They use what may be termed a *praying mill*, consisting of a sort of a wheel or cylinder, with written prayers pasted all over it, which, being turned, and bringing at each upward rotation, a great number of supplications under the eye of the god Buddha, is believed to offer a perfectly sufficient substitute for praying by word of mouth. The reverend traveler adds, that nothing is more common than to see such praying mills (*Chukors*—literally "turning prayers," "fixed in the beds of running streams" power prayer mills, therefore—in which, kept in continual motion by the water, they "go on praying night and day for the special benefit of the persons who place them there."

### Fossil Remains.

These remains show that tropical plants and animals in former geological eras flourished in the Polar regions. The ivory of the elephant is dug up, and affords an important branch of industry on the extreme Northern shores of Siberia, and the delicate corals of the present warm and mild oceans, displayed their glories during former periods in what is now the ice-bound regions of the Arctic zone. Thousands of facts like these from every department of animated nature proclaim a former high temperature in all high Northern latitudes, and this elevated temperature can be accounted for in no other way than from the influence of the internal heat of the earth. It has cooled gradually by radiation to its present state, and further sensible cooling is prevented by the non-conducting crust in which it is enveloped.

### A Courageous Woman.

Martha Loomis, the clairvoyant, who claims to see everything when blindfolded, has been giving the citizens of Warren, Ohio, specimens of her sight-seeing. Towards the close of her performance, the Transcript says, the following scene occurred:—The wife of a resident of this place, whose husband had been described by Miss Martha as the person who robbed Millikin's store of \$600, took the stand in defense of her husband, and appealed to the citizens to know whether a man's character should be forever blasted in the minds of the community on such evidence. She defended her husband in a manner worthy the wife of a Trojan, from the imputations cast upon his reputation. At the conclusion of her remarks she was loudly cheered by the audience.—*Montgomery Segar*.

### Louis Napoleon.

Twelve millions of francs per year is what Louis Napoleon charges the French nation for his services in governing them—equal to two millions three hundred and ten thousand dollars—a sum of money adequate to the most princely expenditure—a wondrous change—a few years ago, a fugitive from France, with scarcely a place in Europe where he could rest in safety. A dozen years ago, a broken-winded gamester of the spas and St. James; a seedy *littérateur* preaching ultra liberal doctrines to unwilling ears; a bankrupt political adventurer of the most hopeless kind;—now a president, prince, monarch, emperor in all but name, whose income counts in millions. Well, the fortunes of the Napoleon family are strange ones. He now governs with fate. The stake is a great one. Perhaps it is as easy to play with large adventures as small ones.—*Cin. Atlas*.

**CURIOSITY.**—A letter to the Hon. Truman Smith, from the Lake Superior Mines, says:

"We have put in the box a piece of wood, or of a skid that was twenty feet long, when found, lying twenty feet under the surface of the earth and a mass of copper lying thereon, mined out of the vein, weighing five tons and one thousand five hundred and forty-two pounds. Every particle of the rock was hammered off from it, and immediately about the mass were found two copper tools that showed copper to have been welded and hardened. A large number of hammers made from stone, were lying around it, and also some coal and ashes, to all appearance as fresh as though they had been made last year. Vegetable soil to the depth of four or six feet overlaid the whole, on which, and immediately over this mass of copper, was standing a tree, which proved, on being cut down, to be over five hundred years old."

**A FREAK OF NATURE.**—Mr. Jabez McKay living near White Marsh, Columbus co., N. C., has a negro woman that gave birth some ten months ago to twin children joined together in a manner that makes them more interesting than the celebrated Siamese twins. Their faces look in opposite directions, and their backbones running into one at the joint of the hip and forming one spine from the joint down. With the exception of the joining together, they are two perfect forms. They are fine, healthy, active children, have good use of their limbs and faculties, and bid fair in due time to grow to their full stature.—*Wadesborough (N. C.) Argus*.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### Williamsburg Property for Sale.

THREE-STORY BRICK HOUSES FOR SALE in South Fifth Street between Sixth and Seventh Streets, called "Monroe Place." Most of the purchase money can remain on bond and mortgage for three or four years. This is the cheapest productive property in Williamsburg, and a rare chance for those with but small means. For particulars, apply on the premises, No. 3, of H. L. Prince, or of R. M. Demill, 186 Front Street, up stairs, N. Y. Call and see them. [6w2]

### THE SHEKINAH.

THIS Magazine is devoted chiefly to an inquiry into the Laws of the Spiritual Universe, and a discussion of those momentous questions which are deemed auxiliary to the Progress of Man. It treats especially of the philosophy of Vital, Mental, and Spiritual Phenomena, and presents, as far as possible, a classification of the various Psychological Conditions and Manifestations, now attracting attention in Europe and America. The following will indicate distinctively the prominent features of the work.

#### 1. LIVES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN SEERS.

These sketches are from the pen of a Unitarian Clergyman, who is not only eminent for his scholastic attainments, but (especially for being a bold and original thinker. These articles are accompanied with ELEGANT PORTRAITS, engraved on steel, expressly for the Shekinah.

#### 2. ELEMENTS OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

Containing the Editor's Philosophy of the Soul, its relations, susceptibilities, and powers, illustrated by numerous facts and experiments.

#### 3. CLASSIFICATION OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

Embracing concise statements of the more important facts which belong to the department of modern mystical science.

No. 3 has spiritual portraits of Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Judge Whipple, J. S. Taylor, and Francis H. Green.

#### 4. PSYCHOMETRICAL SKETCHES.

These sketches of LIVING CHARACTERS are given by a Lady while in the waking state, who derives her impressions by holding a letter from the unknown person against her forehead. No. 2 contains Characteristic Delineations of Prof. Geo. Bush, Hon. Horace Greeley, Sarah Helen Whitman, Virgil C. Taylor, Rev. Theodore Parker, and Alice Carey. The sketches will be continued in each succeeding number.

#### 5. ESSAYS ON IMPORTANT QUESTIONS OF SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

#### 6. ORIGINAL POETRY AND MUSIC.

7. REVIEWS.—especially of such works as illustrate the progress of the world in natural, political, social, and spiritual Science.

CONTRIBUTORS.—Rev. James Richardson, Jr.; O. W. Wright; C. D. Stuart; Horace Greeley; Hon. J. W. Edmonds; V. C. Taylor; T. L. Harris; J. K. Ingalls; D. McMahon, Jr.; Wm. Williams; Francis H. Green; Sarah Helen Whitman; Annette Bishop, and others. Several distinguished minds in Europe are expected to contribute occasionally.

The contents of the Shekinah will be wholly ORIGINAL, and its mechanical and artistic execution will be second to no Quarterly Review in the world. SHALL IT HAVE A PATRONAGE WORTHY OF ITS OBJECTS AND ITS CHARACTER?

TERMS of the Shekinah, \$2 a year, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE. Six copies will be sent, to one address, for \$10. Hereafter the work will be forwarded to no one until the subscription is paid. A discount of 25 per cent. will be made to Booksellers and Periodical Agents, but the cash must accompany the order.

Address,

S. B. BRITTON, BRIDGEPORT, CT.

New-York, May 8, 1852.

### Spiritual Experience.

AND the interesting impressions, written while subjected to the influence of spirits; by Mrs. LOUIS L. PLATT, of Newtown, Conn.

This beautiful pamphlet of 40 pages, was published by Spiritual Science.

For sale by STRINGER & TOWNSEND,

222 Broadway, Also, by Fowlers & Wells, New-York; W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia; and A. Rose, Hartford, Conn. May 15, 1852.

### A NEW BOOK.

### New Spiritual Revelations.

(The 4th edition is now in press.)

A New Work, from the Medium of "Light from the Spirit World," (and which is a continuation of that work) entitled

### The Pilgrimage of Thomas Paine,

And others, to the Sixth Circle in the Spirit World, by Rev. Charles Hammond, i. e. ium, (Written by the spirit of Thomas Paine, without volition on the part of the medium.)

This work, although novel in style, possesses a vast amount of new, interesting, and curious matter for all classes of readers, giving as it does, the progress in the Spirit World, or the

### SPIRITUAL LIFE OF A MAN,

Whose infidel works have rendered him notorious at least for all time to come—together with his own refutation and recantation of the Infidel Sentiments and errors taught and promulgated by him on earth. And also giving a succinct and beautiful account of the occupation and progress of Spirits in the Spiritual Life. The style is that of Narrative, and of uncommon interest. The high toned morality, the sublime and beautiful lessons in moral philosophy, the wonderful harmony and beauty of Spiritual intercourse, cannot fail to render the Book both interesting and valuable to all inquirers after Truth. The Book sustains

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF CHRISTIANITY, And contains much that may be profitable to persons of any or all Religious sects. To the Spiritually minded seeking for Truth and wisdom, this Book will be invaluable, and may be said to give

CLEARER VIEWS OF SPIRITUAL LIFE, and existence, than any similar work extant. As a profound Literary production, the work will speak for itself, and rest on its own merit.

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## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

WE shall endeavor, in this paper, not to *force* opinions upon any one, but simply to suggest inquiries, that all may investigate, and think for themselves. We shall neither prescribe limits for others, nor erect an arbitrary standard for ourselves. While it will strive to avoid all acrimonious disputations, it will tolerate the most unlimited freedom of thought, imposing no checks except when liberty is made the occasion of offense. It shall be free indeed—free as the utterances of the spirits—subject only to such restraints as are essential to the observance of those friendly relations and reciprocal duties, which, with the very current of our lives, must flow into the great Divine Order and Harmony of the Race.

Our other business resources preclude the necessity of our depending upon this enterprise for support. Nor will I accept of any pecuniary profit that may accrue from its publication; but will, from time to time, so increase the issue or size of the paper, or reduce its price, as to graduate the terms to the standard of its actual cost, that subscribers may have the full benefit of their money and feel a personal interest in its wide circulation.

It is hoped the character and price of this paper will be sufficient inducement to many friends of the cause to take several numbers for gratuitous circulation.

The immediate and earnest cooperation of friends in all parts of the country is invited.

The "Spiritual Telegraph" will be published weekly, at \$1 50 per annum, payable in advance. All communications should be addressed to CHARLES FAIRBRIDGE,

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5.30 A. M. Commutation Train from New Haven, stopping at all stations.

7.00 A. M. Accommodation Train from New Haven, stopping at all stations.

9.35 A. M. Accommodation Train from New Haven, stopping at all stations.

1.15 P. M. Express Train from New Haven, stopping at Bridgeport, Norwalk and Stamford.

3.45 P. M. Special Train from Port Chester, stopping at all stations including Pelhamville and Mt. Vernon.

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8.50 P. M. Express Train from New Haven, stopping at Bridgeport, Norwalk and Stamford.

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